Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowſes doe become an olde Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: *It* is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

Shal. The Luſe is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. *It* is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per-lady: if hee ha's a quarter of your coate, there is but three Shirts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* haue committed diſparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

Shal. The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) ſhall deſire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot diſcretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. *Miſtris Anne Page?* ſhee has browne haire, and ſpeakes ſmall like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry perſon for all the world, as iuſt as you will deſire, and ſeuen hundred pounds of Monoies, and Gold, & Siluer, is her Grand-ſire vpon his deaths-bed (Got deliuer to a ioyfull reſurrections) giue, when ſhe is able to ouertake ſeuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leaue her ſeauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, ſhe has good gifts.

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, & poſſibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs ſee honeſt Maſter *Page* is *Falſtaffe* there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſpiſe a lyer, as I doe deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſeech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Maſter *Page*. What hoa? Got-pleſſe your houſe heere.

Maſter Page. Who's there?

Euen. Here is go't's pleſſing and your friend, and Iuſtice *Shallow*, & heere young Maſter *Slender*: that peraduentures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Maſter Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thanke you for my Veniſon Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much good doe it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better, it was ill killed: how doth good Miſtreſſe *Page*? and I thanke you alwaies with my heart, la; with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, *I* heard ſay he was out-run on *Cotſall*.

M. Pa. *It* could not be iudg'd, Sir,

Slen. You'll not confeſſe: you'll not confeſſe.

Shal. That hee will not, 'tis your fault: 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more ſaid? he is good and faire. *Is* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and *I* would *I* could doe a good office betweene you.

Euan. *It* is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me Maſter *Page*.)

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſſe it.

Shal. *If* it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; is not that ſo (M. *Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeue me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire, ſaith hee is wronged.